

WHEN TWO STUBBORN COMPETITORS MEET IN THE RING

THERE WILL BE BLOOD AND MILK APLENTY

AS IS THE WAY OF...

BULLS AND DOLLS





Matilda... Matilda is one of my biggest rivals.

The big older cow came to titboxing from other sports and quickly proved herself a real threat. She seems jealous of my popularity too, because she keeps picking fights with me! After my victory over the big piggy, the cow was quick to challenge her too.

I watched their match, hoping that she'd lose but annoyingly enough she not only won, but even did so one round earlier than I had!



It was clear what she wanted. She sent me some taunting messages later that night, saying that if I was a tank then she was a tank-buster, and I just had to accept her challenge!

I wasn't going to let the chunky old cow just walk all over me, after all! Besides...



...pounding her fat body into submission was going to feel really good after all that taunting!

We pushed tit to tit while foxy was going over the rules and she said something about busting my 'bimbo' boobs.

Ugh, she's such a bitch... but at least I growled back that I was going to ruin her stupid saggy granny-tits!

Still, I did feel sort of aroused for the match ahead... as much of a bitch as the 'She-Bull' is, she always gave me some of my most intense matches.

Maybe it was because I was so pissed off after all her taunting, but when the bell rang I practically charged at her! I even roared, starting the fight with a big right!

The chubby cow saw it coming a mile away, but as usual she didn't bother to dodge but instead met me with a punch of her own!

I wasn't going to let her bulky brawler-style stop me though! I kept going with my assault, starting to push her towards the corner...

...But the big bovine lunged in all of a sudden! Surprised, I wasn't ready for her and she nailed my boobs hard with one of her 'Bull's-Horn' twin-straight punches! I almost flew back all the way into my corner, the air blasting out of my lungs...



...and only a second or two later she slammed her entire weight right into me! It was like getting hit by a train, and my poor jugs got smushed against her chunky body!



The big cow took a moment to gloat, grinding into me... which was good, because it gave me a few seconds to recover a little.

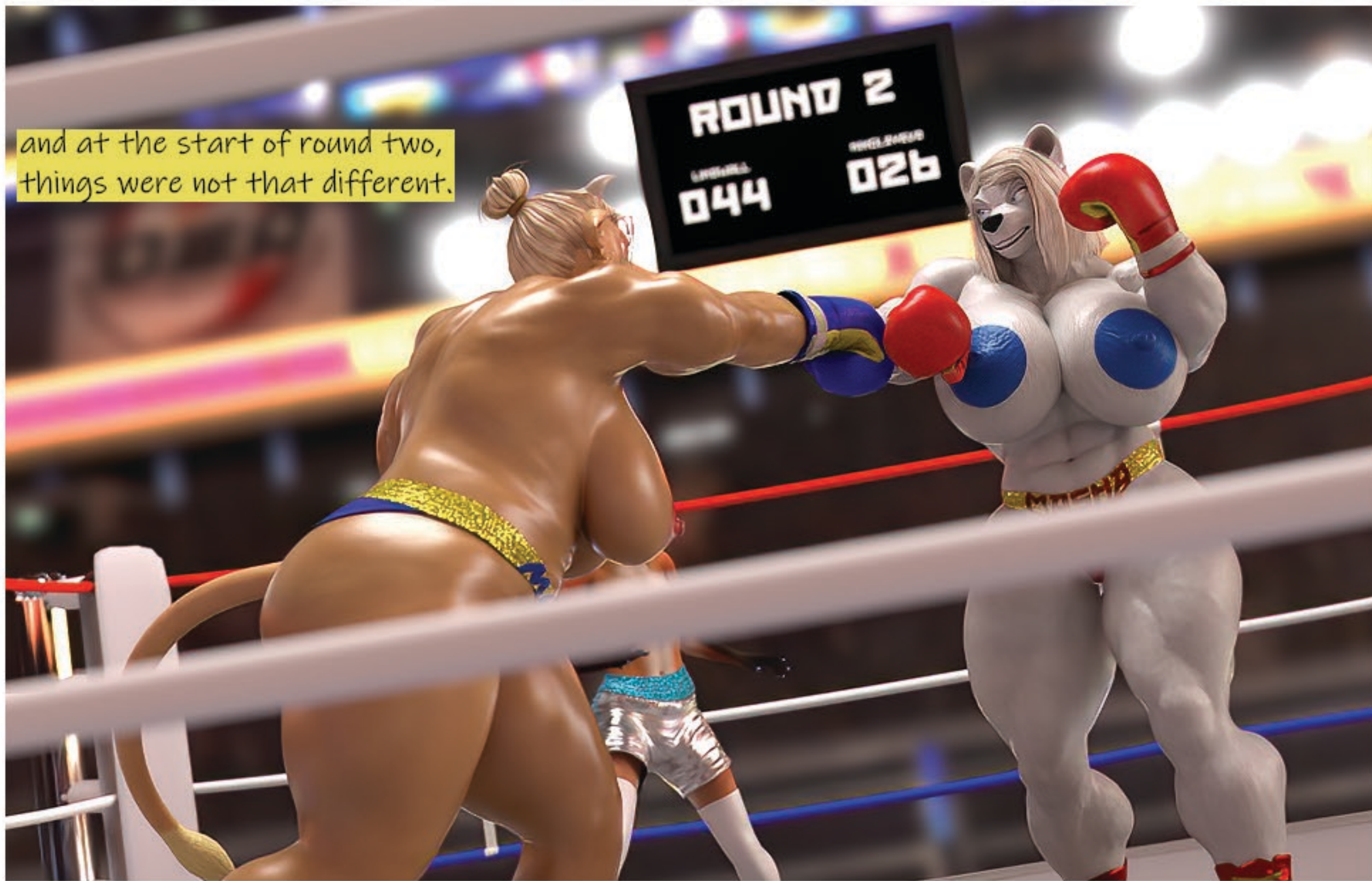


By the time she stepped back and tried to nail me with another punch, I was ready to duck and weave her attack! Stupid cow can never resist the chance to bully, even when she should!





Punishing the bovine with a shot to the tit, we brawled out the rest of the round...



and at the start of round two, things were not that different.



She'd slowed a little, though, and I started to take a bit of a lead! Avoiding her bigger punches, I slugged her back hard! I was determined to teach the big mean cow a lesson!





Towards the end of the second round I started to tire a bit too, however, and the cow started to get back into the fight. We pounded into each other, making our tits wobble, bounce and jump as we started to sweat for real. Her personality really bothers me sometimes but I have to admit, she is a lot of fun to fight.



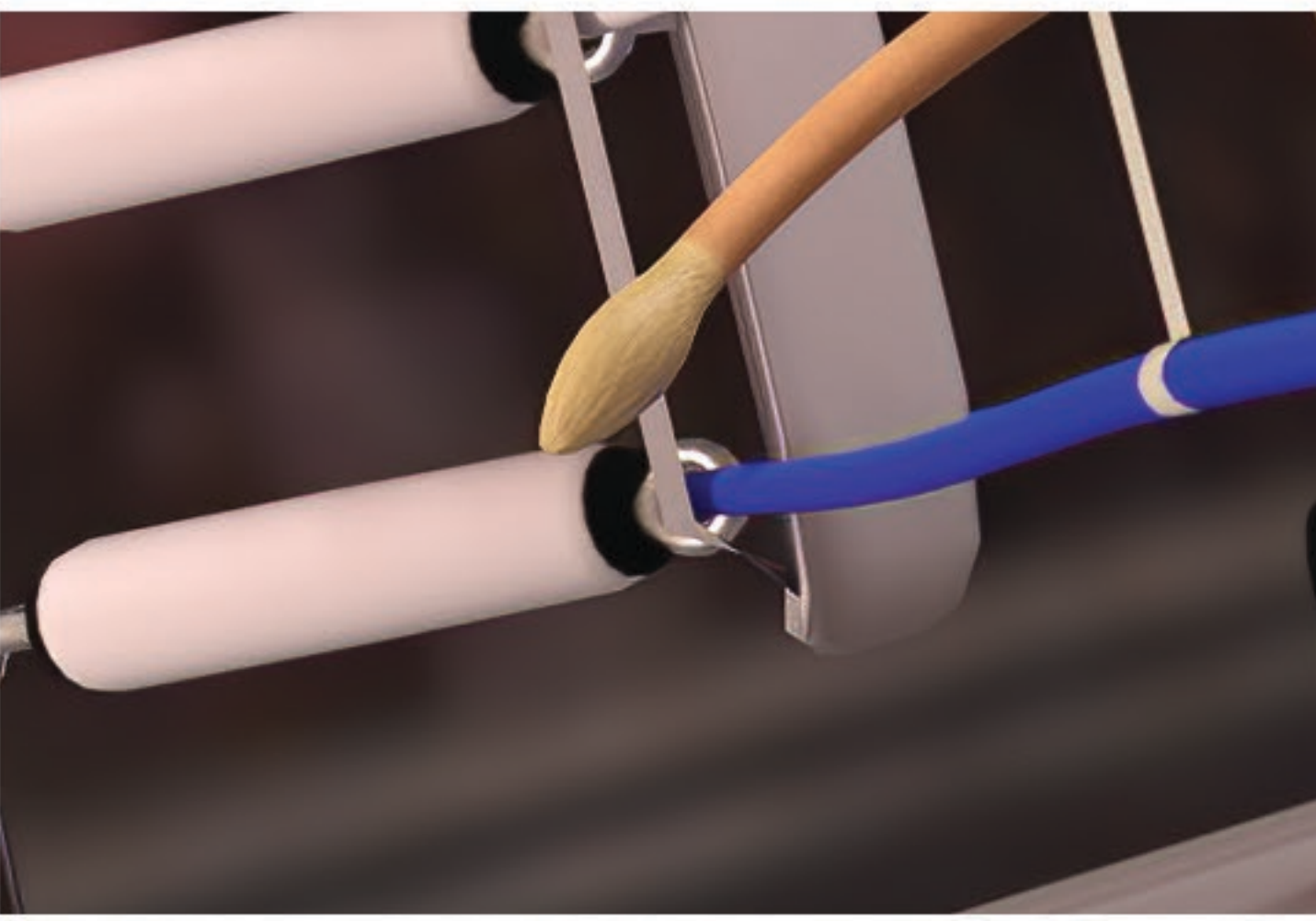
Round three followed and we continued to slam into one another. Despite her saggy cow-jugs looking otherwise, they've always been strong... and so has her punches!

A big blow slammed into my underboob with less than a minute left, and as I moaned in pain and pleasure I was forced to see, and realize, that the old cow had humiliatingly made my jug spurt milk!



I was so frustrated that I focused up big-time during the break. When round 4 started, I went all in! She hadn't recovered as well as I had, and eventually I managed to land enough blows to make her mess up her guard.

It was sooooo satisfying nailing her with her own 'Bull's Horn' attack, and watching the milk pump out of her jugs as she staggered back was even better!



Round five... round five was when the match went from intense to truly wild and brutal.

It started out in my favor, with a nice twin-uppercut slamming into Matilda's tits and sending her crashing to the canvas. Annoying as she could be, few opponents can make my whole body burn with competitive, passionate combat-lust... and it felt so good posing while she started to get up!



...She didn't let that down go, though. As if to say that she could do it too, the round didn't even end before she nailed me with a huge haymaker right to my eye.

NGHHH...

I crashed back into my own corner, the big bully glaring daggers at me as I did my best to recover while foxy started the count.



Intimidating as her body might've been to some...

seeing those big, slightly sagged tits leaking like that motivated me to get back up and into the fight again.



The bell rang to end round five while I was still down, giving me time to recover. When the sixth round started I was feeling pretty refreshed. Heading out to do battle with the big cow some more, I did my best to not play into her game and stay mobile. Punch for punch she was really strong, sure, but I was confident that my boxing skills were better than hers.



It seemed like I was right too, my score keeping itself higher than hers as we went at it! Focusing on avoiding her punches, I slammed her face and tits again and again, milk squirting from her boobs...

...and occasionally, when she managed to land a hit, mine too! We were both sweating like crazy, but I was comfortably keeping my lead.



I kept my lead well... right till the big bovine shoved in for a tight clinch! Ugh, her chunky sweaty musky body was so strong and warm, I couldn't resist moaning a little. Despite all the punches I'd dug into her flesh, she didn't seem ready to give up. Stupid stubborn cow was always so hard to take down...



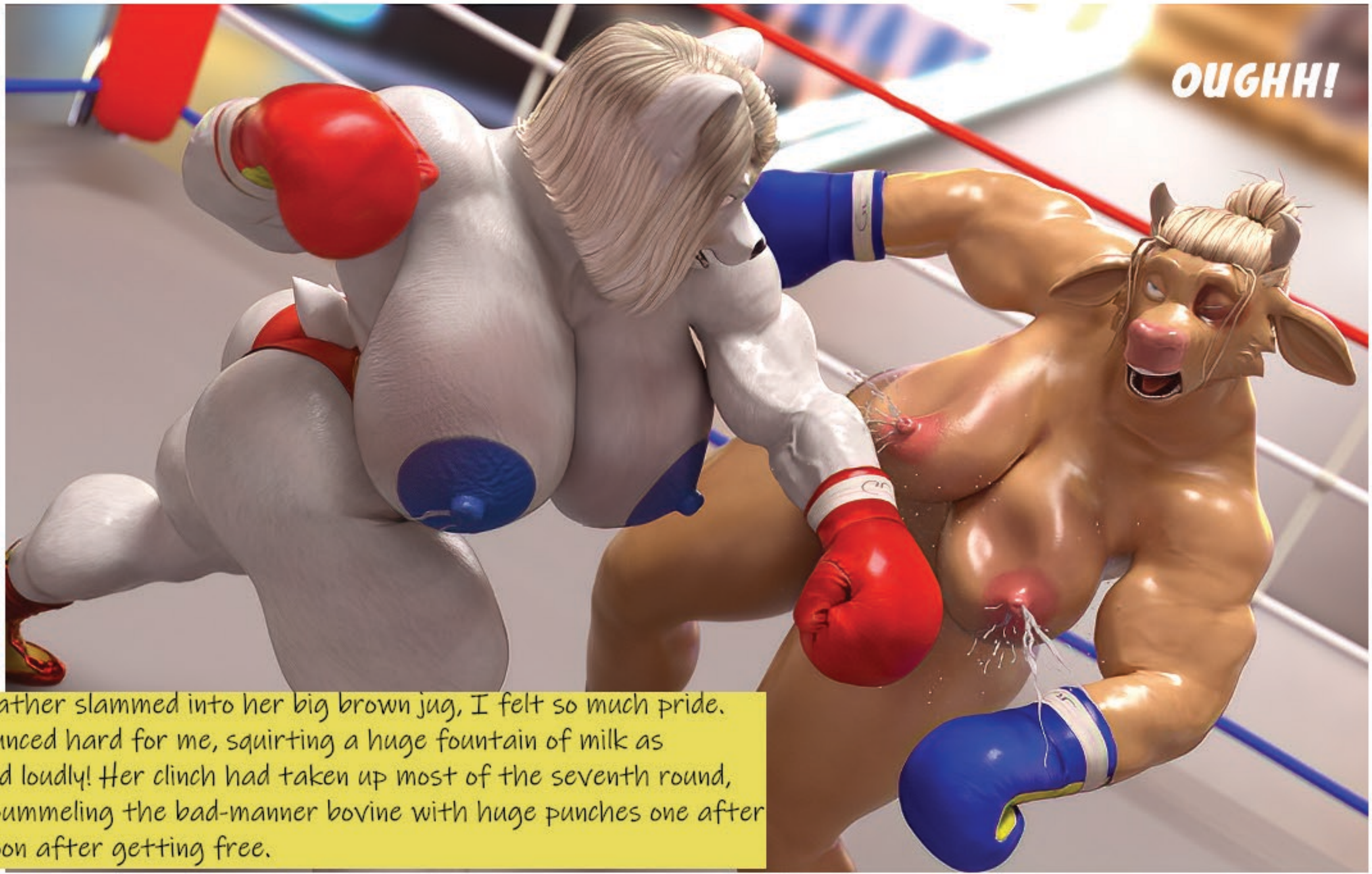
but then and there, I was confident that it was going to be my win, even as she growled in my face.



After a bit of wrestling, I finally managed to pull myself away from the clinch. It had been so hot, I was dripping sweat more than ever before... but I was free! The cow tried to punish me with a big straight, her boobs wobbling as she slammed her glove at me, but I ducked out of the way and readied a big payback punch!

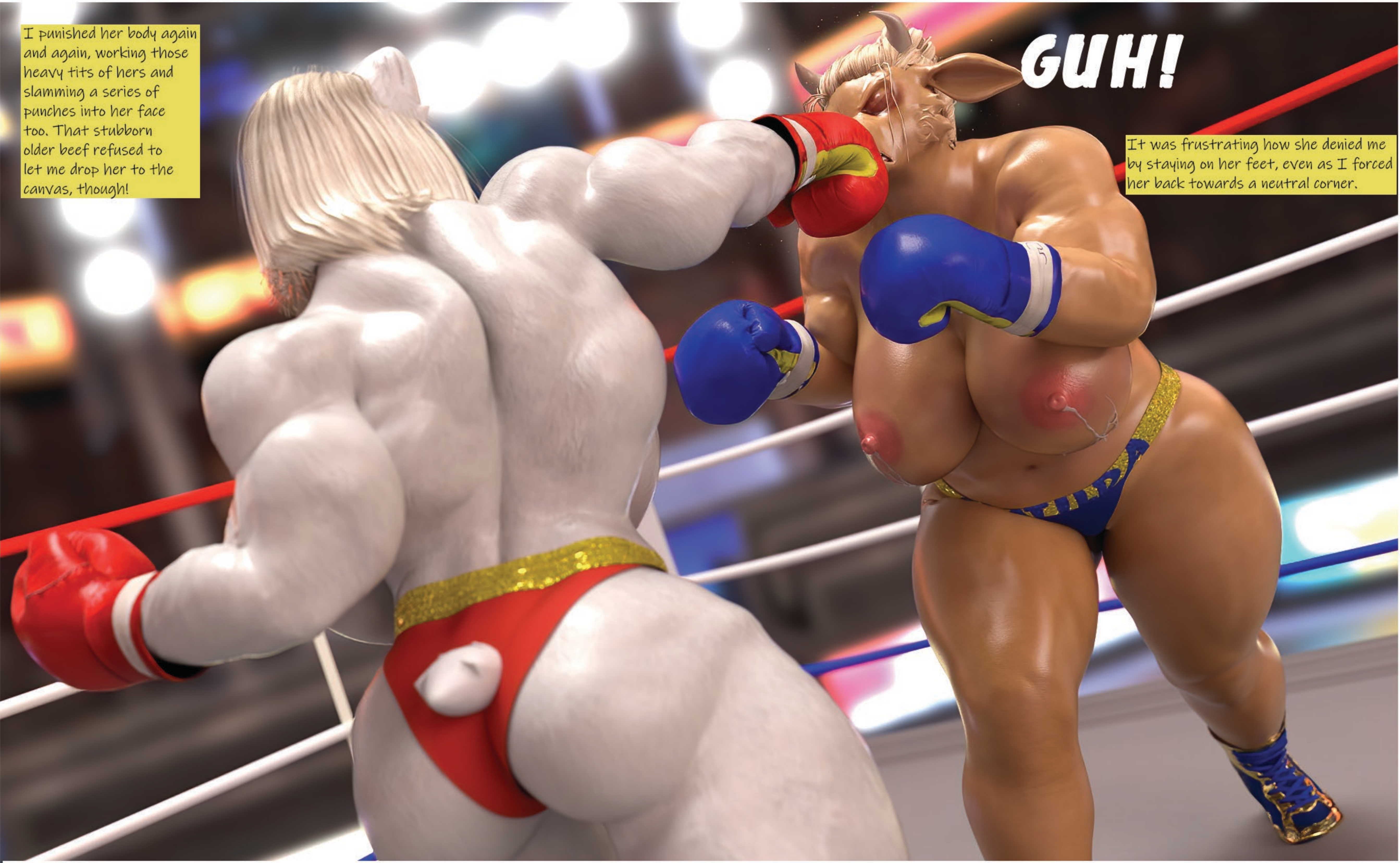


AAAGH!



OUGH!!

When my red leather slammed into her big brown jug, I felt so much pride. That udder bounced hard for me, squirting a huge fountain of milk as Matilda groaned loudly! Her clinch had taken up most of the seventh round, but I enjoyed pummeling the bad-manner bovine with huge punches one after the other so soon after getting free.



I punished her body again and again, working those heavy tits of hers and slamming a series of punches into her face too. That stubborn older beef refused to let me drop her to the canvas, though!

GUH!

It was frustrating how she denied me by staying on her feet, even as I forced her back towards a neutral corner.

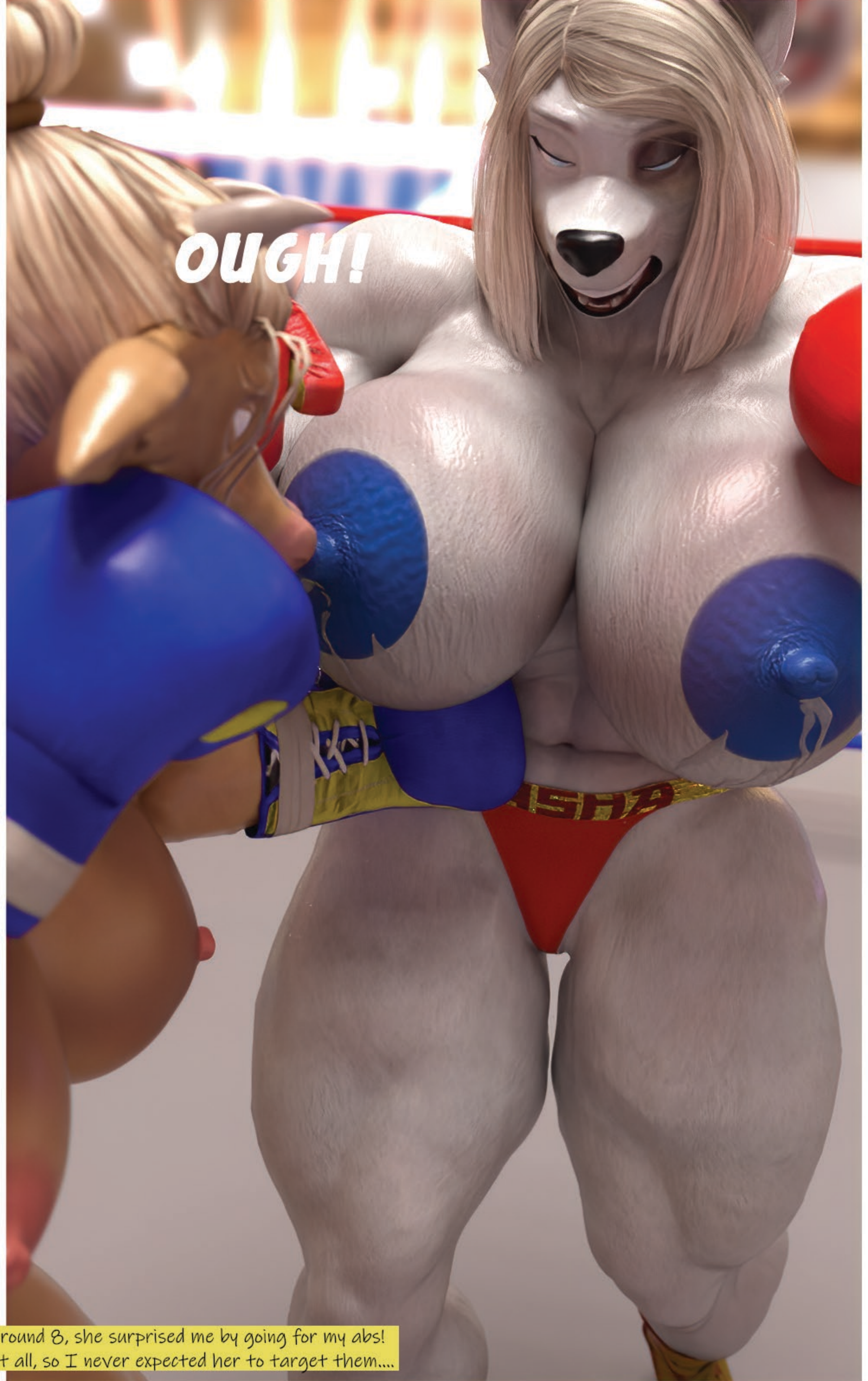


DING!



Maybe if the round had been a minute longer I would've ended the match then and there, but instead the bell rang and all I could do was pose proudly while glaring the annoying cow down, wishing I could just throw one more punch.

Maybe I was too confident going into round eight, but I'd never felt that dominant against Matilda before. The two latest matches we'd had were both my wins after a string of defeats at her hand, so I was eager to make it a third...

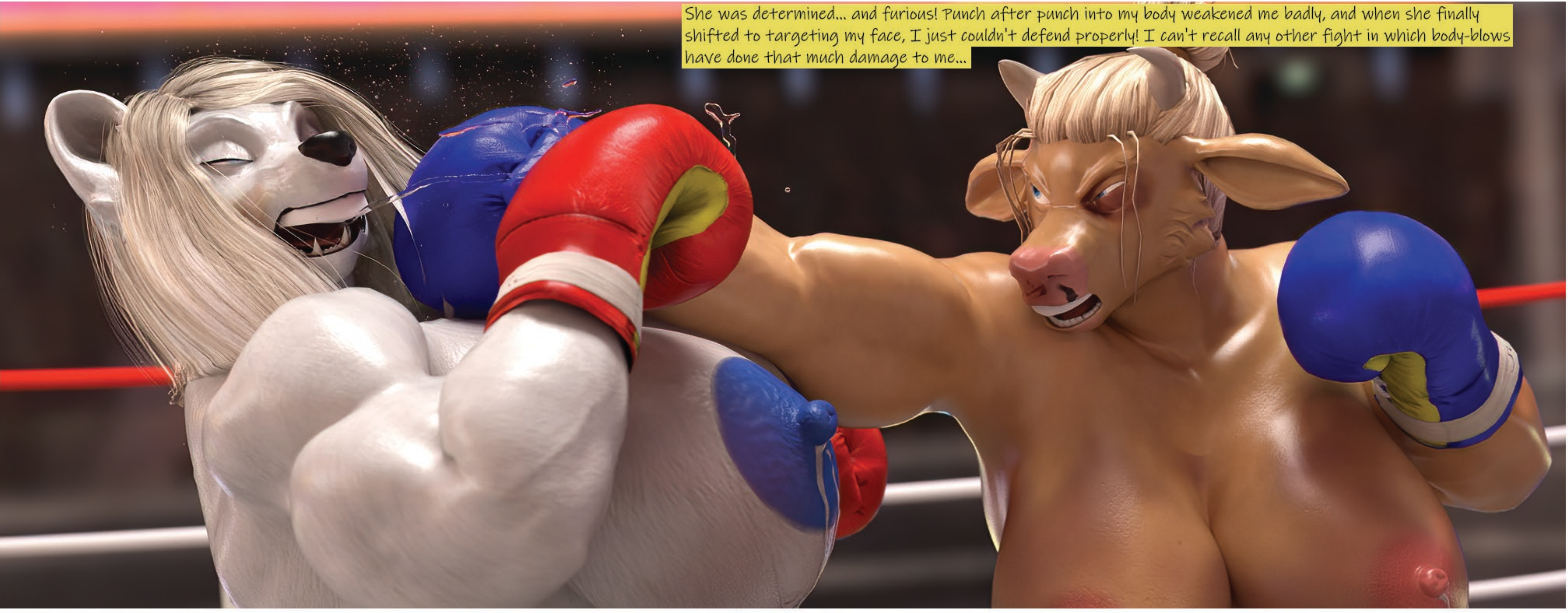


...but as I tried to attack Matilda at the start of round 8, she surprised me by going for my abs! The big cow knew that my abs isn't a weak-point at all, so I never expected her to target them....

....But she was determined to pound my core in! Punch after punch, she just kept digging into my belly! Her leather slid against my underboob over and over as I struggled to find a response, not used to getting such attention in that area. It was like she was trying to soften me up and... and I couldn't stop myself from groaning, grunting and even moaning as she began to battle her way back into the fight!



She was determined... and furious! Punch after punch into my body weakened me badly, and when she finally shifted to targeting my face, I just couldn't defend properly! I can't recall any other fight in which body-blows have done that much damage to me...



...And then she nailed my boobs with a huge power-punch all of a sudden! Milk sprayed like geysers from my poor tits as cruel blue gloves forcefully milked them with a single mighty punch!

God, my jugs ache just thinking about it.



Her punch was so devastating that it outright ruined my balance. I spun, stumbling away from the big bovine...

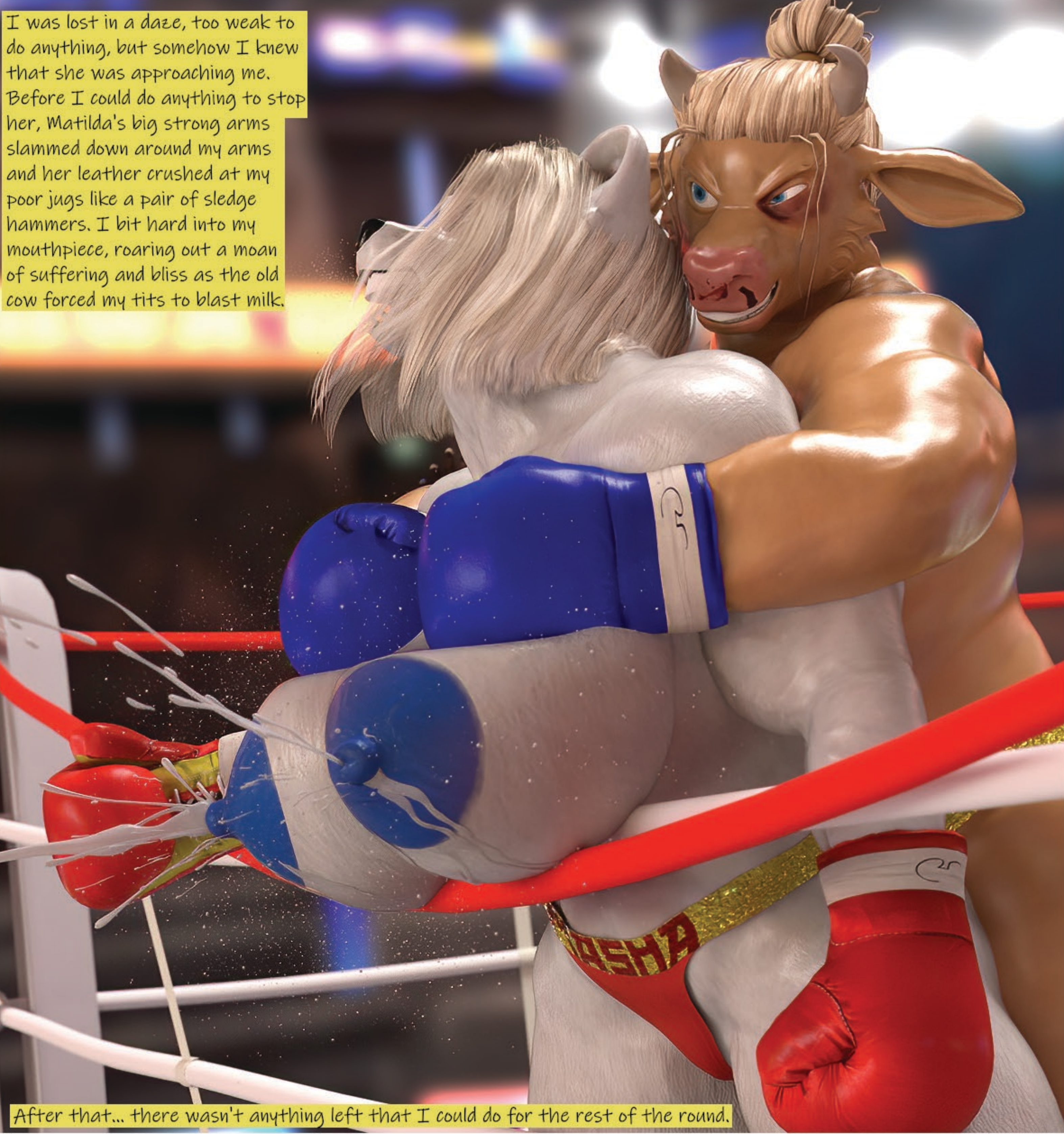
...and right into the ropes! Lost in a daze of pain and arousal, I desperately needed time to recover.





AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!

I was lost in a daze, too weak to do anything, but somehow I knew that she was approaching me. Before I could do anything to stop her, Matilda's big strong arms slammed down around my arms and her leather crushed at my poor jugs like a pair of sledge hammers. I bit hard into my mouthpiece, roaring out a moan of suffering and bliss as the old cow forced my tits to blast milk.



After that... there wasn't anything left that I could do for the rest of the round.



Sluggish, aching and with my jugs leaking milk non-stop, she battered me around the ring while I could do nothing to stop her.

DING!

DING!



ROUND 10
LINDWALL
489
HINDLAVEEN
372

By the time round ten started, the score had totally turned into her advantage. I'd recovered a bit during the rest but only enough to be able to nail her with one punch for each two or three of hers. Still, I refused to lose, refused to let her drop me. I was determined to not let the big cow win the match.

NGH!



UGH!



OUH!

I did my best to hold my ground, I really did, but the fresher cow was just too much. Punch after punch, she dug into my poor jugs and eventually I found myself pushed into a neutral corner. My tits were in so much pleasure and pain, I could barely even raise my arms to defend. Lost in another boob-daze, I had no choice but to simply try to endure her attacks. Each punch drilled into my areolas as if they were targets, milk squirting from my tits every time she pulled her gloves back. It seemed like she'd never stop only for her to do just that with one final, brutal, twin-straight right into my jugs! They were crushed against my ribcage so badly, I could barely think...

....but luckily the round ended before she finished grinding her leather in, so at least I didn't drop again.



AAAIE!

DING!

DING!

But I was furious, coming into round 11! With my boobs all red, I decided to go full-offense! I was going to run her down with all the power I could muster! At least, that was my plan...





NGHUH!

My aggression.... did not work out. The big she-bull dodged my first couple of attacks and then the entire world went dark for a moment as her own leather slammed into the side of my head.



A second punch sent me crashing into the canvas, battered and on my back... but I would not give up, I wouldn't let myself lose to her!



So I forced my way back up to my feet and tried again... only for the big bitch to slam me back down with a huge hook within half a minute. It was humiliating, getting downed back to back like that, but it would all be worth it once I could plant my boot on her defeated books.



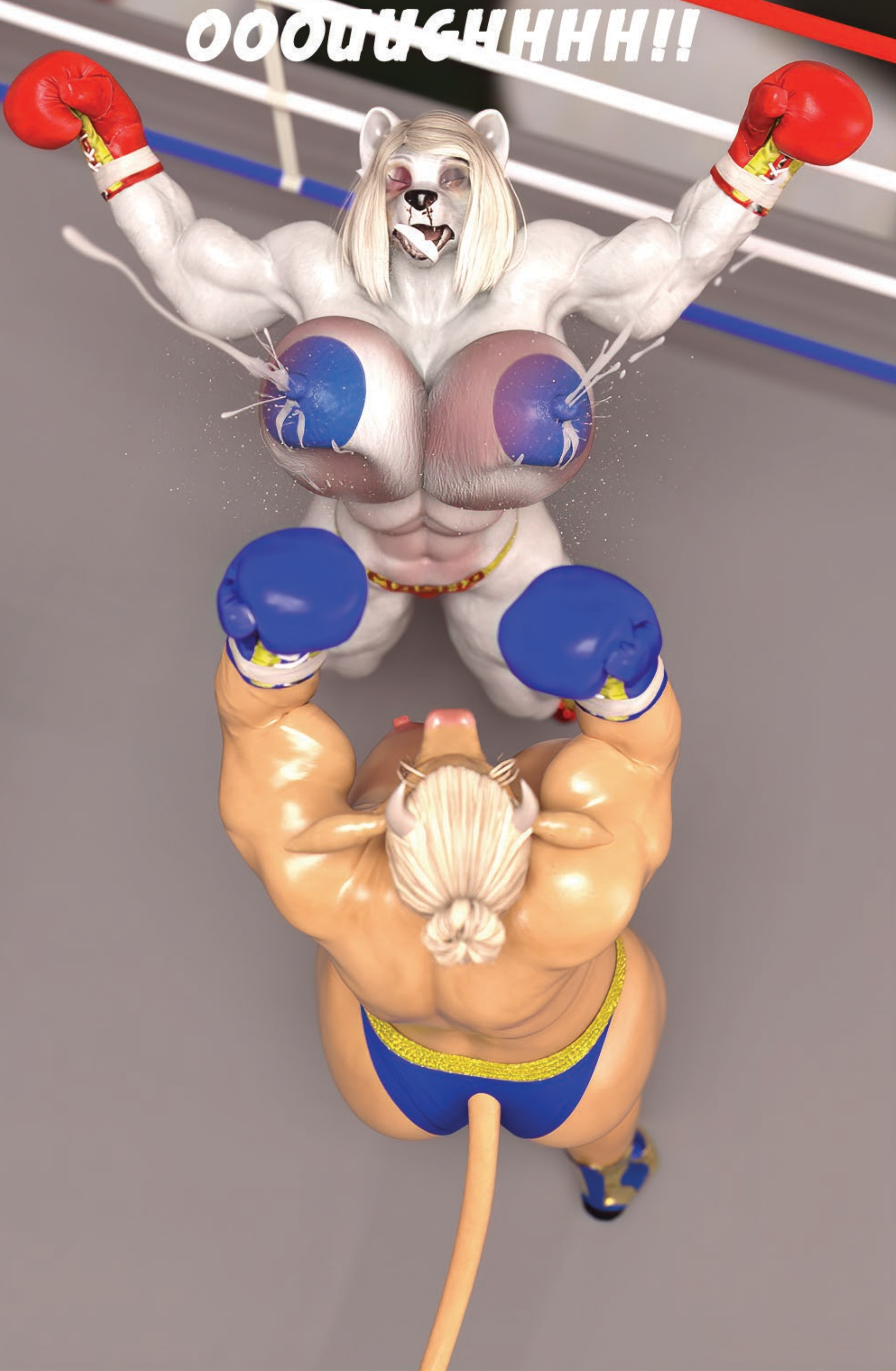
Again I forced back to my feet and again, she downed me a third time! I felt so weak as I reached for the rope desperately... for a third time, I dragged myself back up....

My boobs were so sore, swollen and leaking, my entire body aching... but I was determined to win, to prove that I was better than the chubby older Swedish-woman! She was such a bully, I just had to take her down and show her that this Polar Doll is better than her...

...But I was so tired, I could barely lift my gloves or throw a punch and she... she knew that I didn't have much left. Matilda taunted me one last time before lunging low. I knew what was going to happen, knew this signature 'Bull Rush' finisher of hers, but I couldn't even get my arms in front of my tits to defend.



I... I screamed, milk blasting from my poor tits as all the power of her upper body slammed into my jugs. Bouncing up high, they smacked me right in the face and...



...and I blacked out even before my body crashed against the ropes with such force that my torso and head managed to bounce under the bottom rope.



I wasn't awake for it, but the pictures of my proud tits all saggy and bruised, my arms dangling like that and the big mean bully Matilda posing in the center of the ring with MY cute foxy ref... ugh, I hate it but... but a part of me also find it arousing. Stupid cow, if only she was nicer...



Either way, it's probably clear by now that I lost the fight. Foxy counted me out while I was still unconscious, and after the cutie declared Matilda the winner, she even stepped on my groin as if to make a claim of superiority.



By the time I woke up, she was already gone. The medics made sure I was okay before letting me go to my locker room. My jugs were so swollen, leaking, aching, ughh...

...losing never gets easier...

in particular not when it's against that She-Bull.

END